

real deal by tangerinesilly

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Summary:

“You know,” Steve smirked, “You make the weirdest face when you fight.”

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Author's Note:

Hiii! I'm trying to write something chaptered.
Probably won't be any consistent updates. Sorry((
But!!! I'll try to post something sometimes!!
Hope you are having a great Monday 💖💖💖

Billy was sitting on his bed, one sock in hand, contemplating shit. Transfixed, following the slow path of his shadow across the room as the sun was rising. Daydreaming.

A few birds twitted outside. The ice dam at the roof was slowly melting, drip-dropping near the window. He let out a slow breath, then inhaled. Exhaled. His mind completely vacant.

“Huh,” he thought to himself. This was new. The single circle of his thoughts. The restlessness in his limbs. He felt insatiable. And wanted to jump and run and scream. In a weird way. In a good way.

They were almost in spring now. Which put Billy on edge, making him feel like he needed to do something? New beginnings and all that bull.

Harrington of all people shared that sentiment with him a few months back at the New Year's party. Telling him how he wanted to start over too. Babbling about a bucket list of things he'll do before he kicks the bucket. Laughing at his own joke. Billy really didn't listen much, just stared at his mouth, while Steve went on for ages.

Too drunk to fight. Too high to be truly angry at each other. They settled for a truce. Hoarding all the booze they could reach, they hid out in the backyard of Tommy's house.

It was almost midnight, but they dipped. Steve probably wasn't feeling like making out with anyone because of his “shattered heart”. Whatever. Let the guy brood if he wants to. And Billy just went along, knowing that he could have plenty of any sorts of kisses before or after the clock strikes. He was easy, sue him.

And it was easy to just talk. With the guards down, he finally got the chance to apologize for that thing in November. Properly this time, not like the past few limp attempts which almost reignited the fight.

And he knew he was a shithead, okay? The anger thing is fun until you pull shit like mashing a guy's face into a sludge. That got Billy spooked, the being out of control part of it.

Steve just scoffed, lighting another joint, looking at the sky all dreamy. Thinking about his ex probably. Billy wanted to roll his eyes at that but behaved.

"You know what, yeah, sure, buddy, whatever will help you sleep better at night," Steve said patting Billy on the shoulder condescendingly.

Whatever, this went over good enough. It's not like Harrington should've shed a tear over this and forgave him on the spot.

After a while, Steve turned to him fully, searching his face for something.

"You know," he smirked. Billy pulled his brows in question. "You make the weirdest face when you fight." Steve countered his face into something between a gremlin and an ape. "And your form... Who punches like that?" He crooked his hand, looking more like a ladle for soup.

Billy exhaled "And to think I was trying to be nice to you."

"You? Nice?" Steve kept on making the constipation face and started flailing his fists around. "I'm Billy Hargrove and I'm not afraid to punch a six grader!" he said in a mock gruff voice.

"Wow," Billy caught one of the fists, heading straight to his nose. "Alright, let's just..."

Steve was now rolling on the porch playing air guitar, screaming "Metal dude it's the MUSIC! THE MUSIC! If your ears ain't bleeding it's not MUSIC! HAIL SATAN!!"

He crawled back into Billy's space, levelling with him. His face

suddenly turned very-very serious. “I beat the shit out of people because I can’t stop and listen for just a second. Even when a guy asks really-really nicely to leave everybody alone.”

“I didn’t mean it alright?” he reached out for Steve and shook him a bit, trying to make the massage settle. “I needed Max home that night and... well... You were in the way. You lied to me, Steve.”

“Because you wouldn’t listen!”

“Hey, hey... shh- *shh*,” Billy’s hands settled on Steve’s shoulders, calming. “But I regret the thing... You know? I really do.” The alcohol churning in his belly wasn’t helping at getting him to say the right things. If he fucks this up, he won’t get another try. And he won’t try again either.

Billy scrunched his brows in concentration, barely breathing out a quiet sorry.

There in his lap, Steve looked long and hard at him, scanning. “You’re shit at this,” He finally nodded, determined “Apology accepted.” Then Steve relaxed into him and went back to giggling.

Harrington’s hand sneaked around, grabbing his jeans from the back. “I’m Billy Hargrove and I wear girl’s size 4 jeans.”

Steve brought his hands back, holding them up like crab claws. “That’s one dumptruck, buddy!” He said almost inspired.

“First, stop speaking in third person. Second, you hicks don’t know style when it hits you in the face.”

Steve winced. Billy shook his head “Sorry.”

“Third, look who is speaking.”

“Me!” Steve yelped happily.

“Yes, why is your dick is like always out during practice, huh? Consider investing in shorts that actually fit. Do you get off on that or something?”

“Why are you looking at my dick?”

“Why are you looking at my ass?”

Steve leaned back, biting his lower lip, flush high on his cheekbones. “It’s there. It’s a nice ass,” he shrugged. “An ass is an ass, right?”

Billy felt a twitch in his jeans. His lips tugged up in a corner. He could taste the hook he just swallowed. Harrington was a dangerous-dangerous boy.

Things got a bit frisky after that. Billy smiled to himself, reliving the moment.

He took Steve’s hands and guided them back around. He shoved them under the waistband, letting Harrington feel him up properly. Cold hands grabbing and kneading.

For a moment they just sat like that, whiplashed. Both of them never expecting to get this far.

“It’s.. umm.. nice” He stumbled, face red as a tomato. Billy could see Steve’s pupils dilate. His hands grabbed nastier, all warm now. “But it’s awkward. If we aren’t...”

Steve bit at his bottom lip again, eyes darting all around Billy’s face, then to the door. “Can I kiss you?”

This is a Christmas miracle or something. Maybe a few days late, but hey. It’s still just on time.

Billy leaned in, putting his best effort into being slow and sweet. He didn’t even have to try. Harrington’s lips melted into his, the kiss almost weightless. It was probably a first for Steve. With a guy.

The thought of being King’s first anything prickled and swelled somewhere in Billy’s chest and spread to his belly.

Steve broke the kiss and Billy almost whined. He just got a taste. “Tickles,” Steve whispered into his cheek. “You’ve got nice eyelashes,” Billy felt a fingertip run through them, tickling him back. “Soft.”

“You’re soft,” Billy trailed lower, latching onto Steve’s neck. Tasted a bit soapy. Sweet. Just nice. His teeth itched, feeling his sugar rush.

He let Steve lean into him, grabbing at his ass some more.

“No, I’m hard,” Steve giggled, rolling his hips into Billy’s. He quietly moaned into Billy’s mouth when he sucked on his tongue.

“Fuck, just like that,” Billy pressed closer, watching Steve ride his thigh, hips rocking back and forth. He was all red, his breath coming out in plumes. There was a bump of a hickey just below his ear. Steve looked proper slutty.

Just about as they were going to get to the second, maybe third, base a door to the patio opened. Steve jumped away, plopping his ass on the concrete. *Dummy* .

“Steve!” Some girl popped out, basking them in bright orange light. “The countdown is starting. You promised me a kiss!” She motioned for him to follow, diving back in.

Steve quickly stood up, his legs wobbly. “Sorry, duty calls.” He pointed inside, voice thin.

“Easy,” Billy held his legs, helping Steve balance. “If you ever in the mood...” He leaned in pressing a cheek against Harrington’s crotch.

“Ahgm-” Steve hiccupped. Billy felt him kick under the denim.

Billy fully turned, nuzzling between his legs, taking a whiff, “find me.” He winked, because why the hell not. He’s already made out with the guy.

Steve hastily left, Billy pointedly not looking his way. His lips tingled, chapped from the wind; wet from aggressively making out. He smiled, tonguing at the bittersweet flavour.

Billy’s knees popped, tired of sitting too long in the cold. Time to go. Find his real- real New Year’s kiss.

And that’s how that night went pretty much. Leaving Billy waiting for a sign. A chance. A repeat.

How can he have more of that? Of Harrington. He needed a plan. To get his leg in somehow. And preferably around.

A loud clank took Billy out of his trance.

He looked back down where his shadow crept far to the left. What Billy really needed right now is to finally get moving. The house was way louder. Everyone's awake already. Plates clattering in the kitchen, someone was in the shower singing, Max's stereo on. That means Neil was lurking somewhere too. And that's definitely his queue to leave.

Billy shoved the sock he was holding for almost an eternity on and got into his boots. Then cringed. As great as they were, it still hurt like a bitch. New boots for new beginnings. He'll have to walk funny for the entirely wrong reasons.

"Max!" he shouted from the top of his lungs, even though she probably was five feet away. "Let's go!"